

GOING SOME

A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION

BY REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated By Edgar Bert Smith

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SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized photograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, becomes interested in the loss of the photograph. She suggests to Jean Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the photograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are hilarious over the prospect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer at Yale, arrive. Helen Blake asks Speed, who has posed to her as an athlete, to race against the Centipede man. The cowboys join in the appeal to Wally, and fearing that Helen will find him out, he consents. He insists, however, that he shall be entered as an unknown, figuring that Covington will arrive in time to take his place. Speed begins training under Glass's direction. The ladies fix up training quarters for Speed.

CHAPTER VII.—continued.

"No, indeed," Jean corrected, "he will merely use this room to train in." "How do you train in a room?" Stover asked her.

"Why, you—just train, I suppose," Miss Chapin turned to Glass. "How does a person train in a room?"

"Why, he—just trains, that's all. A guy can't train without trainin' quarters, can he?"

"We thought it would make a nice gymnasium," offered Miss Blake.

"Looks like business," Stover's admiration was keen. "I rode over to Gallagher's place last night and laid our bets."

"How much have you wagered?" asked Fresno.

"More'n we can afford to lose," "But you aren't going to lose," Miss Blake said, enthusiastically.

"I got Gallagher to play some records for me."

"Sures on Fifth Avenue?" "Sure! And 'The Holy City,' too! Willie stayed out by the barbed-wire fence; he didn't dare to go in. When I came out I found him ready to cry. That desperado has sure got the heart of a woman. I reckon he'd commit murder for that photograph—he's so full of sentiment."

Fresno spoke sympathetically.

"It's a fortunate thing for you fellows that Speed came when he did. I'm anxious for him to beat this cook, and I hate to see him so careless with his training."

"Careless!" cried Helen.

"What's he done?" inquired Stover.

"Nothing, so far. That's the trouble. He's sure he can win, but—Fresno shook his head, doubtfully—"there's such a thing as overconfidence. No matter how good a man may be, he should take care of himself."

"What's wrong with his training?" demanded Glass.

"I think he ought to have more rest. It's too noisy around the house; he can't get enough sleep."

"Nor anybody else," agreed Glass, meaningly; "there's too much singing!"

"That's funny," said Stover. "Music soothes me, no matter how bad it is. Last night when we came back from the Centipede Mr. Fresno was singing 'Dearie,' but I dozed right off in the middle of it. An' it's the same way with cattle. They like it. It's part

"of a man's duty when he's night-riding to hard to pizen the atmosphere with melody."

"We can't afford to spoil Speed's chances," argued the young man. "There's too much at stake. Am I right, Mr. Glass?"

Now, like most fat men, Lawrence Glass was fond of his rest, and since his arrival at the Flying Heart his sleeping-hours had been shortened considerably, so for once he agreed with the Californian.

"No question about it," said he. "And I'll sleep here with him if you'll put a couple of cots in the place."

"But suppose Mr. Speed won't do it?" questioned Miss Blake.

"You ask him, and he won't refuse," said Jean.

"We don't want to see him defeated," urged Helen's other sister; at which the girl rose, saying doubtfully:

"Of course I'll do my best, if you think it's really important."

"Thank you," said Stover gratefully, while Fresno congratulated himself upon an easy victory.

The two girls took Speed's trainer with them, and went forth in search of the young man.

"It's up to you fellows to see that he gets to bed early," said Fresno, when he and Stover were alone.

"Leave it to us. And as for gettin' up, we turn out at daylight. I don't reckon he could sleep none after that if he tried." Stover pointed to the striped elastic coils of the exerciser against the wall. "I didn't want to speak about it while they were here," said he, "but one of them young ladies lost her garters."

"That's not a pair of garters, that's a chest-weight."

"Just wait for what?"

"Chest-weight—chest-developer."

"Oh!" Stover examined the device curiously. "I thought a chest-developer came in a bottle."

Fresno explained the operation of the apparatus, at which the cowman remarked, admiringly:

"That young feller is all right, ain't he?"

"Think so?"

"Sure! Don't you?"

Fresno explained his doubts by a crafty lift of his brows and a shrug. "I thought so—at first."

Stover wheeled upon him abruptly. "What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing."

After a pause the foreman remarked, vaguely: "He's the intercollegit champion of Yale."

"Oh, no, hardly that, or I would have heard of him."

"Ain't he no champeen?"

"Champion of the running broad smile and the half-mile talk perhaps."

"Ain't he a foot-runner?"

"Perhaps. I've never seen him run, but I have my doubts."

"Good Lord!" moaned Stover, weakly.

"He may be the best sprinter in the country, mind you, but I'll lay a little bet that he can't run a hundred yards without sustenance."

"Without what?"

"Sustenance—something to eat."

"Well, we've got plenty for him to eat," said the mystified foreman.

"You don't understand. However, time will tell."

"But we ain't got no time. We've made this race 'pay or play,' a week from Saturday, and the bets are down. We was afraid the Centipede would welsh when they seen who we had, so we framed it that way. What's to be done?"

Again Fresno displayed an artistic restraint that was admirable. "It's none of my business," said he, with a careless shrug.

"I—I guess I'll tell Willie and the boys," vouchsafed Bill apprehensively.

"No! No! Don't breathe a word. I've said to you. He may be a cracker-jack, and I wouldn't do him an injustice for the world. All the same, I wish he hadn't broken my stop-watch."

"D'you think he broke it a-purpose?"

"What do you think?"

Stover mopped the sweat from his brow.

"Can't we time him with a ordinary watch?"

"Sure. We can take yours. It won't be exact, but—"

"I ain't got no watch. I bet mine last night at the Centipede. Willie's got one, though."

"Mind you, he may be all right," Fresno repeated, reassuringly; then hearing the object of their discussion approaching with his trainer, the two strolled out through the bunkroom, Stover a prey to a new-born suspicion, Fresno musing to himself that diplomacy was not a lost art.

"You're a fine friend, you are!" Speed exploded, when he and Glass were inside the gymnasium. "What made you say 'yes'?"

"I had to."

"Rot, Larry! You played into Fresno's hands deliberately! Now I've got to spend my evenings in bed while he sits in the hammock and sings 'Dearie.' He shook his head gloomily. "Who knows what may happen?"

"It will do you good to get some sleep, Wally."

"But I don't want to sleep!" cried the exasperated suitor. "I want to make love. Do you think I came all the way from New York to sleep? I can do that at Yale."

"Take it from me, Bo, you've got plenty of time to win that dame. Eight hours is a workin' day anywhere."

Glass chuckled. "The whole thing is a hit. Look at this joint, for instance." He took in their surroundings with a comprehensive gesture. "It looks about as much like a gymnasium as I look like a contortionist. Why don't you get a Morris chair and a mandolin?"

"There are two reasons," said Speed, facetiously. "First, it takes an athlete to get out of a Morris chair; and, sec-

ond, a mandolin has proved to be many a young man's ruin."

Glass examined the bow of ribbon upon the lonesome piece of exercising apparatus.

"It looks like the trainin'-stable for the Colonial Dames. What a yelp this place would be to Covington or any other athlete."

"It is not an athletic gymnasium," Speed smiled as he lighted a cigarette. "It is a romantic gymnasium. As Socrates once observed—"

"Socrates! I'm hep to him," Glass interrupted, quickly. "I trained a Greek professor once and got wised up on all that stuff. Socrates was the—the Hemlock Kid."

"Exactly! As Socrates, the Hemlock Kid, deftly put it, 'in hoc signature vintage.'"

"I don't get you."

"That is archaic Scandinavian, and, translated, means, 'Love cannot thrive without her power.'"

"No answer to that telegram yet, eh?"

"Hardly time."

"Better wire Covington again, hadn't you? Maybe he didn't get it?"

"I promised Mrs. Keap that I would, but—"

Speed lost himself abruptly in speculation, for he did not know exactly how to manage this unexpected complication. Of one thing only was he certain; it would require some thought.

"Say, Wally, suppose Covington don't come?"

"Then I shall sprain my ankle," said the other. "Hello! What in the world—"

Still Bill Stover and Willie came into the room carrying an armful of lumber. Behind them followed Carara with a huge wooden tub, and Cloudy rolling a kerosene barrel.

"Where do you want it, gents?" inquired the foreman.

"Where do we want what?"

"The shower-bath."

"Shower—I didn't order a shower-bath!"

"No; but we aim to make it as pleasant for you as we can."

"If there is anything I abhor, it's a shower-bath!" exclaimed the athlete.

"You just got to have one. Mr. Fresno said all this gymnasium lacked

the purchase of Willie's watch. This timepiece cost the trainer twenty-one dollars, and he sold it to Speed for double the amount, believing in the luck of even numbers. Nor did young Speed allow his trainer's efforts to cease here, for in every portable timepiece on the ranch he recognized a menace, and not until Lawrence had cornered the market and the whole collection was safely locked in his trunk did he breathe easily. This required two days, during which the young people at the ranch enjoyed themselves thoroughly. They were halcyon days for the Yale man, for Fresno was universally agreeable, and seemed resigned to the fact that Helen should prefer his rival's company to his own.

As for Glass, he recounted tales of Mariadetta's capitulation to his employer, and wheezed merrily over the discomfiture of the Mexican girl's former admirers.

"She's a swell little dame," he confided to Speed one afternoon, as they lounged luxuriously in the shade at their customary resting place. "Yes, and I'm aces with her, too." They had set out for their daily run, and were now contesting for the seven-up supremacy of the Catskill mountains. Already Glass had been declared the undisputed champion of the Atlantic coast, while Speed on the day previous had wrested from him the championship of the Mississippi valley.

"But Mariadetta is dark!" said the college man, as he cut the cards. "She is almost a mulatto."

"Naw! She's no dinge. She's an Aztec, an' them Aztecs is swell people. Say, she can play a guitar like a barber!"

"Miss Blake told me she was in love with Carara."

Glass grunted contemptuously. "I've got it on that insurrecto four ways. Why, I'm learning to talk Spanish myself. If he gets lousy, I'll cross one over his bow." The trainer made a vicious jab at an imaginary Mexican. "He ain't got a good wallop in him."

"I thought cowboys was tough guys," continued Glass, "but it's a mistake. That little Willie, for instance, is a lamb. He packs that Mauser for protection. He's afraid some farmer will walk up and poke his eye out with a corn-cob. One copper with a night-stick could stampee the whole outfit. But they're all right, at that," he acknowledged, magnanimously. "They're a nice bunch of fellers when you know how to take 'em."

"The files are awful today," Speed complained. "They bite my legs."

"I'll bring out a bath robe tomorrow, and we'll hide it in the bushes. I wish there was some place to keep this beer cool." Glass shifted some bottles to a point where the sunlight did not strike them.

"I'm getting tired of training, Larry," acknowledged the young man, with a yawn. "It takes so much time."

Glass shook his head in sympathy. "Seems like we'd ought to hear from Covington," said he.

"He's on his way, no doubt. Isn't it time to go back to the ranch?"

Glass consulted his watch. "No, we ain't done but three miles. Here goes for the rubber."

It was Berkeley Fresno who retreated cautiously from the shelter of a thicket a hundred yards up the arroyo and started briskly homeward, congratulating himself upon the impulse that had decided him to follow the training partners upon their daily routine. He made directly for the corral.

"Which I don't consider there's no consideration comin' to him what-ever," said Willie that evening. "He ain't acted on the level."

"Now, see here," objected Stover, "he may be just what he claims he is.

Retreated Cautiously From the Shelter of a Thicket.

this foot-race means to the Flying Heart outfit."

"I assured you that the Centipede cook would be beaten," said the college man, stiffly.

"Isn't Mr. Speed's word sufficient?" inquired the girl.

Stover bowed. "It had sure ought to be, and we thank you for them new assurances. You see, our spiritual unrest is due to the fact that Humpty Joe's get-away left us broke, and we banked on you to pull us even. That first experience strained our credulity to the bustin' point, and—well, in words of one syllable, we come from Joplin."

"Missouri," said Willie.

"My dear sirs, I can't prove that you are going to win your wagers until the day of the race. However, if you are broke to start with, I don't see how you can expect to lose a great deal."

"You ain't got the right angle on the affair," Stover explained. "Outside of the onbearable contumely of losin' twice to this Centipede outfit, which would be bad enough, we have drawn

extravagance wasted."

"What's doing?" asked the tall plumber. "You're all dolled up." "Had a date with my best girl," explained the short bricklayer. "But aren't you going to keep it?" "I showed up all right, but she wasn't there." "That was pretty tough." "I wouldn't care," said the short bricklayer, "only I went and had my shoes shined all for nothing."—Youngstown Telegram.

Before setting out on his daily grind, Speed announced to his trainer that he had decided to take him along for company, and when that corpulent gentleman rebelled on the ground that the day was too sultry, his employer would have none of it, so together they trotted away later in the morning, Speed in his silken suit, Glass running flat-footed and with great effort. But once safely hidden from view, they dropped into a walk, and selecting a favorable resting place, paused. Speed lighted a cigarette. Glass produced a deck of cards from his pocket, and they played seven-up. Having covered five miles in this exhausting fashion, they returned to the ranch in time for luncheon. Both ate heartily, for the exercise had agreed with them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Carara Followed With a Huge Wooden Tub.

was a shower-bath, a pair of scales, and a bulletin board. He said you'd sure need a bath after workin' that chest-developer. We ain't got no scales, nor no board, but we'll toggle up some sort of a bath for you. The blacksmith's makin' a squitter to go on the bar!"

"Very well, put it wherever you wish. I shan't use it."

"I wouldn't overlook nothin', if I was you," said Willie, in even milder tones that Stover had used.

"You overwhelm me with these little attentions," retorted Mr. Speed.

"Where you goin' to run today?" inquired the first speaker.

"I don't know. Why?"

"We thought you might do a hundred yards agin time."

"Nix!" interposed Glass, hurriedly. "I can't let him overdo at the start. Besides, we ain't got no stop-watch."

"I got a reglar watch," said Willie, "and I can catch you pretty close. We'd admire to see you travel some, Mr. Speed."

But Glass vowed that he was in charge of his protegee's health, and would not permit it. Once outside, however, he exclaimed: "That's more of Fresno's work, Wally! I tell you, he's Jerry. He'll rib them pirates to clock you, and if they do—well, you'd better keep runnin', that's all."

"You can do me a favor," said Speed. "Buy that watch."

"There's other watches on the farm," "Buy them all, and bring me the bill."

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CHAPTER VIII.

LAURENCE GLASS was beginning to like New Mexico. Not only did it afford a tinge of romance, discernable in the deep, haunting eyes of Mariadetta, the maid, but it offered an opportunity for financial advancement—as, for instance, the purchase of Willie's watch. This timepiece cost the trainer twenty-one dollars, and he sold it to Speed for double the amount, believing in the luck of even numbers. Nor did young Speed allow his trainer's efforts to cease here, for in every portable timepiece on the ranch he recognized a menace, and not until Lawrence had cornered the market and the whole collection was safely locked in his trunk did he breathe easily. This required two days, during which the young people at the ranch enjoyed themselves thoroughly. They were halcyon days for the Yale man, for Fresno was universally agreeable, and seemed resigned to the fact that Helen should prefer his rival's company to his own.

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Simply because he don't go skally-hootin' around in the hot sun ain't no sign he can't run."

"What about them empty beer bottles?" demanded Willie. "No feller can train on that stuff. I went out there myself and seen 'em. There was a dozen."

"Maybe Glass drank it. What I claim is this: We ain't got no proof. Fresno is stuck on Miss Blake, and he's a knocker."

"Then let's git some proof, and dam' quick."

"Sl, Senores," agreed Carara, who had been an interested listener.

"I agree with you, but we got to be careful."

Willie grunted with disgust.

"We can't go at it like we was killin' snakes. Mr. Speed is a guest here. Again the little gun man expressed his opinion, this time in violet-tinted profanity, and the other cowboys joined in.

"All the same he is a guest, and no rough work goes. I'm in charge while Mr. Chapin is away, and I'm responsible."

"Senior Bill," Carara ventured, "the fat vaquero, he is no guest. He is one of us."

"That's right," seconded Willie. "He's told us all along that Mr. Speed was a Mercy-footed wonder, and if the young feller can't run he had ought to have told us."

Mr. Cloudy showed his understanding of the discussion by nodding silently.

"We'll put it up to him in the morning," said Stover.

"If Mr. Speed cannot r-run, w'at you do, eh?" questioned the Mexican.

Nobody answered. Still Bill seemed at a loss for words, Mr. Cloudy stared gloomily into space, and Willie ground his teeth.

On the following morning Speed sought a secluded nook with Helen, but no sooner had he launched himself fairly upon the subject uppermost in his mind than he was disturbed by a delegation of cowboys, consisting of the original four who had waited upon him that first morning after his arrival. They came forward with grave and serious mien, requesting a moment's interview. It was plain there was something of more than ordinary importance upon their minds from the manner in which Stover spoke, but when Helen quickly volunteered to withdraw, Speed checked her.

"Stay where you are; I have no secrets from you," said he. Then noting the troubled face of the foreman, quoted impatiently:

"You may fire when ready, Gridley."

Still Bill shifted the lump in his cheek, and cleared his throat before beginning formally.

"Mr. Speed, while we honor you a heap for your accomplishments, and while we believe in you as a man and a champeen, we kind of feel that it might make you stretch your legs some if you knew just exactly what

"I begin to feel your loss," said Speed gravely. "Gentlemen, I can only assure you I shall do my best."

"Then you won't take no chances?" inquired Willie,